

THE INDEPENDENT

Helena, Mont., Feb. 24, 1889

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF MONTANA AND
LEWIS AND CLARKE COUNTY.

The INDEPENDENT has a larger daily circulation than any newspaper between St. Paul and Portland and a larger circulation than any other two daily papers published in Montana. It has no press room secrets; its subscription books are open to inspection, and it is always ready to prove that its circulation is as represented.

Entered at the Postoffice at Helena as second-class matter.

GEN. HARRISON will set out for Washington to-morrow, with his family, to be on hand in time for the inauguration ceremonies, which take place on the succeeding Monday.

It appears as if Germany was in a manner taking advantage of a flag of truce when, pending the conference at Washington, three iron-clads at Genoa are ordered to proceed at once to Samoa.

The Denver Republican admits that Montana is by no means sure for the republican party at a state election. A further admission from the same source will be in order next autumn. Montana is going to set out in statehood as a democratic commonwealth.

The east has been suffering colder weather than has been experienced this winter in Montana. Twenty and thirty below zero in New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois or Iowa means a great deal more than the same temperature in Montana, because of the lighter, dryer atmosphere of this section.

The president of the French republic is spared much of the agony which attends cabinet-making in America. Having invited a man to become prime minister, the further task of selecting members of the ministry is left to the person so chosen. Many times in the last three months has Gen. Harrison wished the French system was in vogue here.

PARNELL has not suffered in the least through the mendacity of Dr. LeCaron the spy, and Richard Pigott, the forger, who disposed of his handwork to the London Times for something like \$30,000. The examination has shown that Parnell has never retreated from his original proposition that home-rule should be obtained for Ireland through constitutional means.

BOULANGER, the James G. Blaine of France, is said to intend to twist the tail of the British lion when once he gets into power. The limitation indicated is a discreet one. But the story, which is told upon the authority of Lord Lytton, the British ambassador to France, lacks that verisimilitude which it should possess, because of the apparent lack of provocation, save the supposed race hostility which has lingered since the battle of Waterloo.

The Dakotans who arrived in Helena yesterday assisted nobly in the celebration of the admission of the territories. The good feeling that pervaded the company which assembled in the rooms of the Montana club last evening was marked, and guests and hosts appeared mutually pleased with the reception. It is proposed to take the excursionists to Great Falls on Monday if their engagements will permit, in order that they may enjoy the hospitality of one of the most pushing little cities in the west.

The legislative assembly has but little more than two weeks in which to finish its work. While many of the bills thus far introduced should not become laws, there are others—including the registration bill—which demand enactment after careful consideration and suitable amendment, and there are still a number of measures to come before the assembly which should not be treated without deliberation. The prospect is that the time between this and March 15 will be marked by arduous labor on the part of the legislators.

The Washington correspondent of the St. Paul Globe says, under date of Feb. 19, that "two of the territorial delegates, Toole, of Montana, and Voorhes, of Washington, did the heavy hustling for votes, and they corraled the fourteen democratic votes that secured the triumph for Mr. Cox." They encountered the opposition of Moody, the Dakota boss, who endeavored, through Senator Platt, to obtain special concessions for South Dakota which threatened the success of the bill. But opposition did not avail and the bill passed. "All's well that ends well."

BISHOP JOHN P. NEWMAN, Grant's court chaplain and inspector of consul-

ates, is speaking for the Harrison administration in the south, and pledges the president-elect to the policy of drawing a line with "intelligence on one side and ignorance on the other." Just how a president can draw such a line, outside of the appointments to office which he may make, it is difficult to imagine. It is, however, for seeking to establish government by intelligence that the south has been criticised and denounced by the press and politicians of the north.

ROSCREANS AND HIS CRITICS.

Congressmen had a great deal to say on Friday about Gen. Roscreans' alleged attack upon Gen. Grant. It is a weakness of humanity that when death intervenes a man of prominence instantly becomes endowed with attributes closely allied to divinity. It is detracting nothing from the fame of Gen. Grant to say that he had his weaknesses and faults, as other men have, and that he made mistakes at times. The later years of his life, however, were comparatively free from the errors that characterized his conduct during at least a portion of the war period. It might be well for some of the republican congressmen who were so fierce in their denunciation of Gen. Roscreans for having dared criticize Grant to recollect that their own Garfield was, when in the field, very free in his condemnation of his superior officers, Grant as well as Roscreans. The rule that would condemn the one would also condemn the other. The war period was marked by intense jealousies between officers in both armies, and there was too often resort to political influences, as when Garfield, a volunteer unskilled in the art of war, wrote to Senator Sherman and other civilians denouncing his superior officer, a trained soldier and thorough patriot, as an incapable and vacillating leader and suggesting the substitution of himself to the command. Gen. Roscreans earned the pension which it is proposed to bestow upon him by service in the field, guided by a thorough education in his profession and a complete devotion to the Union cause, and if, smarting under the recollection of what he felt to be a wrong imposed upon him by Gen. Grant, he spoke harshly of him in congress, the fact should not be urged to deprive him of justice now.

A Belle's Physical Labors.

A man of a mathematical turn of mind has been endeavoring through the columns of the New York World to demonstrate that the society debutante has greater powers of endurance than the trained athlete of the day. He had been moved to wonder how young girls stood the strain of a gay season, and as he never is satisfied without reducing his ideas to exact figures, he procured a pedometer, put it into his pocket and went to a ball. He devoted himself to the duties of the evening, and found that they danced every set. He did the same, and walked about as much as he observed them doing. When he got home he looked at his pedometer and found it registered fourteen miles. Then he got a very successful debutante to sit still long enough to tell him how many times she had danced since she came out. Of course she could not remember the number of individual dances she had danced, but by aid of ball cards, invitations—it appears the debutantes keep most of their cards and invitations the first season—and adding the first information contained in her engagement book, they were enabled to come pretty near the number of the dancing affairs at which she had been present, and also to get pretty accurate at the average of her dances on any occasion. He took his note-book and pencil into the corner then and figured awhile, and coming back showed her the result—which she screamed. She had danced 600 miles this season, and she was not nearly through yet. "Now," said he, "what do you think of that as a record?" You must remember that the men who walk in the walking matches are usually of an age when the muscles have grown hard and strong; boys can never stand the strain. Then they have spent considerable time in training themselves for the effort; they wear the lightest weight of clothing; and their feet are thrust into tight French-heeled slippers, with soles as thin as paper. The weight of their clothes is all hung on their hips, their ribs are laced in tightly round, their hearts and lungs, their chests and arms are taken out of furs and silks and bared to the air, and their hands are squeezed into tight gloves. Imagine a man entering a gossamer-like get up like that! Yet these girls will make 600 miles in ten weeks or so, rushing about to all sorts of things in between times, feeding on salads and ices to strengthen them for the contest, and coming out at the end without blisters on their heels and cheeks still red and fresh. I tell you, a woman has more lives than nine cats, and there's no fear of this race deteriorating as long as we can raise girls who at 18 can beat athletes way out of sight in physical endurance and energy.

An Open Secret.

It has leaked out, and we violate no confidence in making it known to the public, that a certain restaurant on upper Main street has made preparations for a Sunday dinner to-day that for variety and excellence will not be surpassed since Montana became a state. Billy Mellen is the man that has prepared this feast and it will be served at the Bon Ton restaurant, beginning at high noon. If you want to see just how fine a dinner can be served by Billy, just call on him to-day.

Coal.

Try our Brisban lump coal for fire places. Guaranteed to hold fire twenty-four hours. GILCHRIST BROS. & EDGAR.

Twenty Cents on the Dollar.

BOSTON, Feb. 23.—Wm. Bassett, builder, has gone into insolvency. Liabilities, \$674,000, of which about \$618,000 is secured by mortgages on valuable property. He offers 20 cents on the dollar on his unsecured debts.

Another Princely Lunatic.

BERLIN, Feb. 23.—Prince Rupert, the eldest son of Prince Ludwig of Bavaria, heir to the Bavarian throne, is insane.

YOU'VE MET HIM.

And You'll Recognize Bill Nye's Portrait of the Porcine Traveler.

Bill Nye's Northwest Correspondence: Yesterday I associated for some time with the champion bete noire. As a bete noire he could give a self-made moral leper thirty points, and still sail out of the game in a blaze of red-fire and a cyclone of applause. He was tolerably stout, and when he sat down on my valise and crushed a bottle of Edenia, presented to me by an admirer in Kentucky, I reproached him in measured and well-chosen terms, but he just trotted his ebullient point on the other knee a little while and watched the ever-changing kaleidoscope as it sped past the window.

When the conductor came into the car the bete noire to seat, he took the ticket, tendered the regular fare, and that he would be eternally ostracized, embalmed and fricasseed in the southeast corner of Satan's hottest precinct before he would yield any more. The conductor was a pale, thin, old man, and he said that he had been in the service for twenty years, but little hectic spots broke out behind his ears, and a strange light came into his gentle blue eyes.

"Come over here a moment, Shorty," he said to the great brakeman. "Go and tell Skinny White, on the second day coach, to come back here with you. We've got a large Suffolk in section 11 that we will have to put into a cornfield, I guess. Tell him to bring the icebox out of the baggage car."

Then the bete noir tied his legs around the car seat and the train stood still, the engine bell ringing, but 300 people waiting the motion of his signal, and he took ten cents extra because he had failed to get his ticket at the station.

Shorty and Skinny both came back with a look of determination and gloves that had the fingers cut off. Each spent his hands and took hold of the dead bete noire. They lifted him a little and Shorty fell over into my lap with a small wisp of the fat man's lingerie in each hand. They both said they were washing their faces with little handfuls of bristles, as one does who tries to pull a reluctant snout from a scalding barrel on a butchering day. At last they lifted him and expedited him along the aisle, from seat to seat, and he was put into a cattle-guard the bete noire paid his ten cents and remained. The heavy train, twenty minutes late and liable to lose its rights on the road, tried to start up grade.

The bete noire was washed with soap and water, and his hair was combed with a comb that he had taken from his pocket. He was then put into a jelly roll, stole my paper and took a seat.

"The night he snored like the sough of a bathtub, chewed invisible food, put staccato inflammations at the end of each snore and scared two little motherless children awake with his stertorous recitals. He recited a slight testimonial over and anon until morning, when his berth looked like a boot and shoe store. In the morning he bathed for over an hour, while the rest of the people stood round with draped suspender straps, and he would look sadly out of place in a pure, nice paper of this. He bathed his concave mug and azzelized and splattered and blew and belowed till he got his nose to bleeding. Then he got wild and decorated the pillow with the end of the car till he looked like the battle of Gettysburg. Finally peace was declared, and just as he left the field we drew into St. Louis. Twenty exasperated passengers, who were all getting further and further behind time and losing connections because the bete noire would not get up, were all getting further and further behind time and losing connections because the bete noire would not get up."

"Well, which way did he go?" I inquired. "Well, sah, he went up to the stock yards, sah, and when I saw him last he was wearing the eye of a gentle old lady from Shagher, Ill., on one end of his arm and a pair of slippers on the other."

I can imagine such a man in his home life. He plays the poor sick papa act when he gets home and eats up all the jams, and digs the tenderloin out of the stew, and when he is tired and thoughtful comes and contributes to poor, sick papa's latest and best work. His poor, meek wife wishes that heaven had made her a better assignment, and his children run and conceal themselves when he comes home.

When the excitement incident to the resurrection had died away I shall not be surprised if the fat man, and-eyed with the scared children on the parlor floor of heaven do not receive a note by messenger boy from "Poor, Sick Papa," asking them, if they can consistently do so, to use their legs towards getting the Celestial Hose Co., No. 1, to play for a few hours in the overhead apartments of "Poor, Sick Papa."

Centenarians. Mr. Emile Levasseur has recently presented to the Academy of Sciences a very interesting communication apropos of the "centenarians in France, according to the census of 1886." The number of such persons is much less than is generally supposed, while the old men that are cited for their great age have the vanity to grow old in order to be admired.

In Bavaria, according to the census of 1871, there were thirty-seven centenarians; but the fact that the aged were cited only one authentic case was found.

In Canada, 421 were cited. Out of this number the social state of 82 was ascertained by the aid of bona fide documents, and there remained after the examination but nine genuine centenarians—5 men and four women.

In France the same delusion exists in regard to centenarians, as is proved by the reports emanating from the bureau of statistics.

After the reception of documents relative to 184 centenarians, it was found by reference to the baptismal, half-penny lists, etc., that the number dwindled down considerably, say to about sixty. Among these there was a person named Joseph Ribas, who was born at San Esteban, in Spain, on Aug. 29, 1770, and who lived at Tarbes.

Making Allowance For Strange English. Max O'Rell recently lectured in a Scottish town, and when he made his invariable apology for his "defective" English he was astonished to elicit from an old Scotman the encouraging remark: "Hoot! mon! Dinna apologise! Yee can speak the English maist as weel as ourselves!" It was with no less astonishment that Andrew Carnegie recently read an account of his personal appearance and manners in a Scotch paper in which the following sentence occurred: "Mr. Carnegie's speech is occasionally marred by a slight American accent!"

Red-top and Kentucky blue-grass seed at T. C. Power & Co.'s.

THE TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL STATEMENT OF

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

OF THE UNITED STATES.

For the Year Ending December 31, 1888.

AMOUNT OF LEDGER ASSETS, JANUARY 1, 1888.		\$79,297,955 46
Premiums.....	\$22,047,813 35	
Interest, Rents, etc.....	4,911,164 24	\$26,958,977 59
		\$106,256,933 06
Income.		
Dividends, Surrender Values, Annuities, and Discounted Endowments.....	\$7,226,095 66	
	4,658,361 78	
Total Paid Policy-Holders.....	\$11,884,457 44	
Disbursements.		
Dividend on Capital.....	7,000 00	
Commissions, Advertising, Postage and Exchange.....	2,785,501 57	
General Expenses, State, County, City Taxes.....	2,152,947 12	16,829,006 13
Net Ledger Assets, December 31, 1888.....		\$89,042,922 92
Assets.		
Bonds and Mortgages.....	\$25,660,786 64	
Real Estate, including the Equitable buildings and purchases under foreclosure of mortgages.....	15,948,156 40	
United States Stocks, State Stocks, City Stocks, in Trust Companies and other Investments.....	34,308,598 95	
Loans secured by Bonds and Stocks (Market Value, \$1,042,207).....	825,000 00	
Real Estate outside the State of New York, including purchases under foreclosure of mortgages.....	6,747,232 81	
Cash in Banks and in transit (since received and invested).....	5,349,342 67	
Due from Agents on account of Premiums.....	497,909 45	89,427,026 92
Market value of Stocks and Bonds over book value.....		2,672,718 53
Interest and Rents due and accrued.....		868,004 51
Premiums deferred and in transit.....		2,075,173 00
Total Assets, December 31, 1888.....		\$95,042,922 96

I hereby certify, that after a personal examination of the securities and accounts described in this statement, I find the same to be true and correct as stated.

JOHN A. MCCALL, Comptroller.

Total Liabilities, including legal reserve on all existing Policies (4 per cent. standard).....	74,248,307 81
Total Undivided Surplus over Four per cent. Reserve.....	\$20,794,715 15
Of which the proportion contributed (as computed) by Policies in general class, is.....	\$6,981,732 15
Of which the proportion contributed (as computed) by Policies in Tontine class, is.....	\$13,812,983 00

We certify to the correctness of the above calculation of the reserve and surplus.

From this surplus the usual dividends will be made.

New Assurance written in 1888.....	\$153,933,535
Total Outstanding Assurance.....	\$540,216,126
Increase of Income.....	\$ 3,718,128
Increase of Surplus (Four per cent. basis).....	\$ 2,690,490
Increase of Assets.....	\$10,664,018

T. H. BURKE, General Agent,
Montana and Eastern Washington Territory

WITHERBEE & HUNTER, WALTER MATHESON, Local Agts.
S. P. PANTON, J. J. PANTON, Traveling Agts.

THE ARIZONA "KICKER" AGAIN.

An Improved Ink Marks the Appearance of the Energetic Weekly.

Detroit Free Press: We take the following extracts from a late issue of the Arizona Weekly Kicker:

APologetical.—We are compelled to apologize to our subscribers for the typographical appearance of the present issue. Owing to the snow blockade, a keg of ink which we ordered weeks ago failed to reach us, and rather than miss an issue we compounded a substitute. We don't seem to have hit the right proportions, or else molasses and lamp-black are not the proper substitutes.

As it will be impossible for subscribers to make out any of the reading matter, we will make them wait the statement that there is little or nothing worth reading. We hadn't much time to give to the paper last week, and it is just as well that we hadn't. It would have been time thrown away.

"THE USUAL REWARD.—We understand that Arizona Joe, Col. Hilton, Dick Fenshaw and other ingrates are going about with the statement that we were horsewhipped by the Widow Burnham one day last week. When we refer to these bygone living liars we do so in all gentleness. We can't afford to get mad and kick such freaks of nature. Arizona Joe is wearing a collar we lent him from our slim stock, and if any one will rip the collar down the back he will find one of our undershirts surrounding the ingrate's body. When Dick Fenshaw struck this town he hadn't eaten anything but pig-weed for three days, and he was trying to make a pack of cards cover his nakedness. We filled his stomach, gave him a coat and lifted him out of the slough. This is our reward. Sick trans! Sick gratitude! Sick nyena!"

WELCOME BACK.—Professor Whitewater entered the Kicker office day before yesterday with a beam of smile and extended hand, after an absence of about ten months spent in the penitentiary. He was unfortunately enough, it will be remembered, to hurt some one in a little dispute at the Red Front saloon, and the court thought it best for him to take a little vacation.

The professor returns home looking in good health and filled with enthusiasm over the progress the town has made during his absence. We welcome him. A little state-prison experience hasn't hurt him, nor won't hurt any of our townsmen.

CAN BE OVERLOOKED.—A few of our citizens were inclined to censor Maj. Whitbeck, our chief of police, for being drunk on the streets yesterday. We don't believe that giving a man an office should deprive him of the rights and privileges of a citizen. If business is slack and the major feels like going on a spree, the break can be overlooked in a community where half the eminent citizens sleep on their front door steps five nights out of seven. Those who criticize seem to be actuated by a spirit of jealousy.

A FALSE ALARM.—When the stage drove up the other evening the report got abroad that one of the passengers was a Chicago detective, and some forty or fifty of our leading citizens broke for the country on a canter. Most of them lay out all night, with the thermometer standing at four degrees below. The following casualties are reported: Capt. Johnson—Right foot frozen so badly that amputation is talked of. Judge Pelham—Both ears frostbitten and nose badly used up. Prof. Sweeney—Broken leg, caused by a fall while running.

Major Adams—Ears, nose and seven toes frost bitten and his spine badly wrenched. Squire Davis—Several front bites, a sprained ankle and the probable loss of a portion of his beautiful Roman nose.

A Bad Nobleman.—The Marquis of Ailesbury, whose suit for divorce was mentioned in the dispatches recently, achieved considerable notoriety as Lord Savernake, and succeeded to his grandfather's title a few years ago. His appearances in the London police courts, charged with drunkenness and disorderly conduct, have been of frequent occurrence, and he caused a great scandal in 1884 by

marrying Dolly Tester, one of the most notorious members of the Alhambra corps de ballet. A great frequenter of music halls, his manner and appearance are those of a cross between a professional bully and a betting tout. His coat of arms bears the motto: "Pulvis"—that is, "We have been"—and the "supporters" are two savages. In September, 1887, the marquis was ruled off British race courses for life. This grew out of the running of his four-year-old colt Everett for the Harewood plate at the York August meeting (Aug. 25, 1887), the result of which was a dead heat with Lord Lansdowne's Whittington, the deciding heat of which Everett won by three-quarters of a length. The Stewards thereupon called on E. Martin, who rode Everett, to explain his riding in the first heat, and having heard the evidence of Lord Ailesbury, Martin and others, they rendered a decision "that either an attempt had been made to win by an unjustifiable and dangerous short distance, or that Everett was wilfully stopped," and they referred the case to the Stewards of the Jockey Club—Lord Hastings, the Hon. H. W. Fitzwilliam and the Right Hon. James Lowther. The case was first taken up during the Doncaster meeting, but was postponed until the first October meeting at Newmarket. At Doncaster Lord Ailesbury was reported to have said that he did not propose to pay any attention to the Stewards or appear before them. At first Martin's license as jockey was revoked, but after a few days it was restored, and there is no doubt that he told what his instructions were.

SHE WAS TOUGH.

Old-Timers' Stories About a Hostess in the Days of Staging.

The following quartette were seated at a table in the Cosmopolitan hotel one evening last week—Gen. Warren, J. K. Pardee, Geo. W. Irvin III. and Sam Schwab. Everyone who knows these old-timers, all of whom blazed the trail in a stage coach or on the hurricane deck of a mule, will readily realize that a better lot of yarn spinners would be hard to find. About the time the first wine had gone around Sam Schwab, who was in trim for talking, recalled to his friend Irvin the time when they used to travel in the stage from Helena to Salt Lake.

"Down in Idaho," began Mr. Schwab, "at one of the eating stations near the Blackfoot river, there was a Mrs. Corbett. She used to run the place. There was a woman that I was afraid of. I always treated her with great respect as well as did every one else. She wouldn't have it any other way. Mrs. Corbett never was intended for a woman; she was of commanding appearance, six feet tall, and she weighed about 190 pounds. She was a whooper! One night we reached her house when it was storming and had to remain all night. Col. Sanders was along and we had a room together. When we woke up next day it was pretty cold, and after parleying with each other, I agreed to get up and start a fire if Sanders would go out and get more wood. Just as I had the fire started and Sanders was out in the yard filling his part of the agreement, Mrs. Corbett came in and wanted to know who it was had the check to start a fire in her house. Of course I said it was Sanders. She said: 'When I want a fire built in here I'll build it myself.' At the same time she picked the half-burned sticks out of the fireplace and threw them out of the door.

Sanders soon returned, half frozen, and swore a blue streak at finding no fire. I explained matters, which made the colonel warm in the collar and he proceeded to build a new fire and said he'd like to see the color of the woman's hair that would put it out. Mrs. Corbett appeared as Sanders was roasting his shins, and without saying a word began extinguishing the fire, and as she was doing so Sanders was trying to get in a word, saying, 'But, my dear lady, I say my dear lady, but—' 'Don't but me, sir; I know my business, and I want both of you to clear out of here and eat your breakfast, and we went.'

"Mrs. Corbett was a dandy and no mistake," promptly spoke George Irvin. I took dinner there one day. The stage driver told us beforehand what a holy terror she was, to put us on our guard that we might not make any bad breaks or incur her wrath, which we were told was a dreadful thing. We had all got comfortably seated at the table which was very neat. Mrs. Corbett sat in the capacity of hostess, took

walter, cashier and general business manager. The potatoes served were pretty hard looking things and when, as I thought, Mrs. Corbett was out of earshot, I remarked that they were the poorest specimens of potatoes I had ever seen. But it was just my luck. Mrs. Corbett heard me and at once approached me and standing upright alongside my chair, with arms akimbo, asked me what I said about her potatoes. Of course I told her they were the best potatoes I ever saw, that they were cooked fit for a king; in fact, better potatoes could not be found in the country, and to assure her that I was sincere I said, 'It's not very often I get potatoes like these, and I shall take a couple of them along to eat on the road when I get hungry.' At the same time putting two in my pocket.

"No you don't, sir," she said, putting her hand in my coat pocket and taking them out. "You'll just leave them here, and if any of you fellows don't like those potatoes you don't have to use them, but I'll not have you say anything about them."

"There was fire in her eyes, and you bet I congratulated myself that I got off so easy." "On the Benton stage line one time," said Pardee, "there was a party of us, including a young, delicate looking tenderfoot, probably 24 years of age. It was pretty cold weather and our progress was greatly impeded by a snow storm. This young dude kept us in misery kicking about the weather, and he was just famishing for a drink of water. We had plenty of the other stuff on board but he wouldn't risk that nor did he feel satisfied on eating snow. We finally reached a station about 2 a. m., and the proprietor of the place, who had been necessarily awakened out of his sleep and was pretty mad because he had to get up at such an hour, said to the proprietor of the stage, 'Suspenders hanging from his trousers and rubbing his eyes. The delicate youth was the only one standing at the bar.' 'Could you be so kind as to give me a drink of water, sir?' he asked. The expression of supreme surprise and disgust on the proprietor's face can be better imagined than surmised.

"Water! water!" he shouted, "do you want me to add you to the creek?"

THE MARKETS.

STOCKS.

New York, Feb. 23.—Bar silver, 164.
Copper—Quiet; lake and February, \$16.75.
Lead—Quiet; domestic, \$2.70.
Petroleum opened firm at 90, and closed steady at 91.
Government bonds, 4s, 128 1/4; 4 1/2s, 107 1/4; Northern Pacific, 98 1/4; preferred, 95 1/4; Oregon Navigation, 94 1/4; Oregon Improvement, 59; Transcontinental, 30 1/4; Union Pacific, 65.

LIVE STOCK.

CHICAGO, Feb. 23.—Cattle—Receipts 1,000; steady; steers, \$3.00 to \$3.50; cows, bulls and mixed, \$1.50 to \$2.00; stockers, \$2.00; natives, \$1.50 to \$2.00; hogs—Receipts, 1,000; strong, 5c higher; heavy packing and shipping, \$4.50 to \$5.00; light, \$4.00 to \$4.50; mixed, \$3.50 to \$4.00; natives, \$3.00 to \$3.50; sheep—Receipts, 1,000; steady; natives, prime, \$2.10 to \$2.50; westerns, \$1.75; lambs, \$1.50 to \$2.00.

CHICAGO PRODUCE.

CHICAGO, Feb. 23.—Close—Wheat—March; lower than at opening; cash, \$1.06 1/4; March, \$1.06; May, \$1.06.
Corn—Shade firmer; cash, 34 1/4; March, 34 1/4; May, 35 1/4.
Oats—Quiet; cash, 25 1/4; May, 27 1/4; July, 28 1/4.
Rye—Firm; cash and March, \$1.07 1/4; May, \$1.08 1/4.
Hard—Steady; cash, \$1.75; March, \$1.77 1/4; May, \$1.78 1/4.

SPRITUE BRADEN.

Pres. and Gen. Mgr.

U. S.

Public Sampling Co.

Consignments of Ore Solicited.

Samples of each lot Submitted to the different smelters and the Ore sold to the highest bidder.

WRITE FOR TERMS.

City office at Second National Bank.

Telephone No. 71.

Sampling Works at Northern Pacific and Montana Central railroad junction. Telephone 306.

Take Motor Line west.